THE MASSACRE OF DONALD MACLEAN AND HIS HIGHLANDERS:

A Tale of the Frontier.

AMOS STEBBINS'S MARCH TO THE RELIEF OF FORT CHARLOTTE.

By ROBERT BARR.



WHILE MORAY PLAYED THE SAVAGES PREPARED FOR AN ATTACK.

Christmas morning broke clear and cold.
The newly arisen sun shed a brilliance on "It was quite unnecessary," replied the arisen sun shed a brilliance on a absent of all warmth as moonlight. The little band of Highlanders, numseries a hundred all told, were mar-in front of the stockade, and all the "Do you intend to take your men stockade, was now stient, having put on a sheath of armor which glittered like steel in the cold rays of the early sun. Although it was the 25th of December there was no snow on the ground, which rang hard as on it. The bare knees of the Highland company were as red in the shrewd air/as the skin of the foe they expected to meet. The kilt seemed a most unsuitable dress for such an inclement climate, but Captain Donald Maclean surveyed his company satisfaction as he strode before it. He knew every man was to be depended upon, and such knowledge brings comfert to an officer. Angus Moray, talented musician and composer, was tuning his pipes, and the shrill notes of the wild instrument sounded clear-cut and sharp in the still air.

For several hundred yards around the stockade and on the further bank of the river the thick forest had been completely cleared and the stumps blasted away, so that no cover might be left for the Indians, who would hesitate, even if they besieged in overwhelming numbers, to cross the clear space that exposed them to rifle fire from behind the palitsades. People from within the palitsade looked

with admiration at the brave display; all but one man, who stood aside, a frown on his face and a brown, nervous hand gentle pulling the goatee that hung down from his sharp chin. He was tall and lanky, dressed in buckskin jacket and leather leggings, with decreasin moccasins on his feet, while his other extremity was covered by a cap his other extremity was covered by a cap didn't break loose again. The other half I made from the pair of a raccoon, the tail should put into some sensible dress, cover hanging down behind over his shoulder A knife was sheathed in his belt, ready to his right hand, and carelessly resting or his crooked cibow, lay a dilapidated looking rifle, the butt seemingly fastened to the butrel by thongs of buckskin. A powder-horn slung at his side and some pouches completed his picturesque outfit. His counte mance niight have been a model to any artist for a picture of a personage not ye born, to be known ultimately as Uncle

Amos Stebbins stood aloof from all the present, for he was a stranger who had but just arrived. He watched the parade gloomily, and yet he bluself was the cause of it, for the night before he had made his way through the thirty miles of forest from Fort Charlotte, bringing to the stockade the news of its distress and a cry for help. It is some indication of the er durance of the man that he had been traveling all night and had barely an hour's sleep, but was now ready for the war path

To this lone figure Captain Maclean turned and said brusquely;
"Well, my man, are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" asked Amos, with

"Ready to guide us to Fort Charlotte, of course." rejoined the officer, impatiently, "That is what you are here for, I take it." "Before I answer your question," Stebbins, "I must ask you two or three of

my own." "Excuse me, my good fellow," said the officer, tartly; "It is my place to ask ques-tions and yours to answer them, I am in command here."

"You are not in command of me." said Stebbins, unabashed. "I am a free man, under the orders of none. I did not come to this place by command, but as an obligement to my friends at Fort Charlotte. They knew that I was probably the only one in their company who could get through. I have got through, and here I stand, willing to do an obligement, but not to be noved by threats.'

Captain Maclean looked him up and down, anger in his eyes.

"You are a free man, are you? I would have you know that personal liberty must | lotte." nlways give way to the general safety, and so far as power goes I am in possession of it. I can order you out to be shot as a rebel to authority, and will not even be court-martialed because of it."

"That can you not," said Amos, calmly, "because at the first move to lay hands on me I'll send a bullet through your heart. and all your men cannot save you. 'Who indulges in threats now?' asked parently unafraid.

Captain; "for I had no intention of coercing you. The question is, Are you to guide us

wave of his hand toward the piper. "Certainly," answered the Captain.

"Then you need no guide. The way is perfectly clear. For twenty miles there is cast from under the heels of those who trod a rough cart road until you come to the log house which was burnt; after that you will nd a path through the forest to Fort Charlotte. The way is blazed, and even you can-

not miss it." You will not go with us, then?"

"You are afraid?"

"You admit yourself to be a coward?"

"And I was told you were a great Indian "The Indians are more afraid of me and

my one damaged rifle than of you and your hundred men, and they have reason to be." "Yet you won't march with us?" "You prefer a warm Christmas dinner in

the stockade to a cold meal in the forest,' said the officer, sarcastically. "Who wouldn't " Inquired Amor

Captain Maclean gazed upon the imper urbable bushranger with a smile of easy

tolerance.

"If you were in command, what would you do? "I would tie up that windbag with its

screeching tubes and leave it in the stockade with half of your men to see that it up their knees, place moccasins on their feet instead of those clumsy, thick-soled boots, and give them woolen or buckskin mittens for their hands. Then I should wait till night fell and lead them up the river on the ice. I would inflict the death cenaity on any man who wnispered or nade a noise founer than a shadow make in passing. At certain points they would have to crawl in Indian the on their hands and knees in the deepest snadow of the lighest bank. The way is longer and crookeder than the wood road. would reach Fort Charlotte before day

broke. "But suppose you were spied? We would be in a trap on the ice with the Indians on the high banks." "We would not be spied, Captain; but if

and let them fire in the darkness." Captain Maclean laughed heartily ried: "Weil, my brave woodlander, you ounsel greater precautions than if we had to meet a European army. I see the Indians have frightened you, so I think stern lesson is needed."

we were, we would lie low in the shadow

"I quite agree with you," said Stebbins drily. "A lesson is needed, but who shall be teacher and who pupil is another matter."

There is no question about that," added the Captain, confidently, "None in my mind, Captain," replied

the Captain severely, "that you prefer the safety of the stockade to a dangerous march with us through the forest." "Exactly, Captain," "And you will remain here in shelter

"The short and long of it is, sir," said

while we are fighting for the lives of your comrades in Fort Charlotte?" "No Captain, I cannot remain in the stockade. I go at once to the settlement seven miles further down the river. There I shall collect a score or more of my own stripe, who know nothing of marching

countermarching, and right wheeling; men who are acquainted with the woods and

with the Indians. At the head of this band I shall go myself to the relief of Fort Char-"God gfe's a guid concelt o' oursel's, cried the Captain, scoffing. "You propose then, to accomplish with twenty n esteem is a very wonderful thing, woods

man. "A very dangerous thing, Captain, on some occasions." Again the Captain laughted. He was a good-natured officer, popular with his men, who would have followed him anywhere.

shouted to his piper: "Are you ready, Angus?"

"Then let us have The March to Bat-

shaled in front of the stockade, and all the inhabitants had turned out to see them off.

The river, which ran at the foot of the stockade, was now silent, having put on a stockade, was now silent, having put on a them?" asked Amos, with a contemptuous the hard ground. At a word from the com-The pipes burst forth with the stirring mander the little company set forth, keep-ing step to the martial music and headed by the brave piper, the resonant drones flung over his shoulder and the ribbons fluttering as he strode along. In a few minutes the forest had swallowed them up but through the crisp air came back ever-lessening music of the march, and none of the spectators moved until at last silence fell once more on the stockade, then Amos Stebbins threw his rifle over shoulder, breathed a deep sigh and slouched off in the direction of the settlement, murmuring to himself, "Poor fellows, poor fel-

lows." Meanwhile the doomed company trampe briskly along the rough road through the forest. All nature seemed frozen into a silence that was broken only by the impact of well-shod feet on the iron-hard read, and even that sound became dendened as the forest, for the dried leaves that had fallen in the autumn made a thick carpet under foot. The piper soon ceased to play, needing all his breath for his tramping Now and then the stillness was shattered by a sharp crack like a rifle shot, but the Highlanders knew this to be the action of the frost on a tree here and there, for the conther grew colder as the day advanced The gloom of the forest seemed to affect the spirits of the marchers. They trudged on in a sullen silence that was offspring to the mystery of the wilderness. Once, when Angus Moray tuned up his pipes to put a spring in the unceasing steps westward. Captain Maclean curtly commanded him to be still. The officer was pondering on the secimism of the backwoodsman, and the open by the stockade, pressed down upon him in the somber shadow of the tall gaunt trees.

After the short halt for lunch at midday the Captain drew out from the company six men to act as scouts, two to the right, two to the left, and two in front of the little company. These men he bugled in every half hour, and six others took the places of those in from the outlook. The officer was somewhat encouraged by the half-hourly reports of his watchers. No trace of an Indian was to be seen. It appeared that all life in the forest had been numbed by the cold, not even a black squirrel crossed the trail. Of birds overead there were none, yet not for one moment since they entered the forest had the unfortunate company been out of sight of

their enemy, who, silent-footed, had kept step by step with them. As the short day was drawing to its close the condomned marched wearily down a when suddenly the woods all around them blazed with fire. It was a staggering blow, and an eighth of the company sank to the frozen earth, leaving the survivors stand-ing dazed with the suddenness of the catase. The ringing call of their Captain d them from their momentary stupor.

"Fix bayonets! Right face! Charge!" Into the gloom to the right of them with eveled weapons and a wild Highland ye'l the remnant rushed with undaunted courage. Moray had the wind-bag under arm, the drones flung over his shoulder, his nimble fingers on the chanter, and out upon the turmoil screamed the martial strains of Rout at Lamouch." The Highlanders in their impetuous rush met no opposition. Maclean cried "Halt!" as he came upon the Northern scouts lying on their faces silently killed from behind. Charges south, east, west, proved equally futile. There was no

trace of any foe in this secret fastnesses. The hodles of the other four scouts were prought in and laid with their dead comrades. The wounded crying for water, were bent over and administered to by their surviving fellows; then the second volley blazed out and the third. Captain Maclean ell to his knees, grievously wounded. "Oh, my brave Clansmen," he gasned

give-

"led to your death by me, a fool. God forwith self-reproach, A scant half-dozen stood

"I was but giving you a warning in re- | He turned from the backwoodsman and | measureless dirge for the dead around them. stupor. To rouse himself he stopped the

life, for the moment. It had torn across the back of his head, leaving a red, matted splash in its wake, but the blow that had spared his body had partially destroyed his mind, leaving untouched, however, his marrelous skill on the chanter. The stars of midnight were looking down upon him when he recovered consciousness, sitting up and neted head. A raging thirst consumed him, and luckly the warmth of his body had kept the water in his bottle from freezing. He drained it with a sigh of satisfaction. His first care was of his pipes. Tenderly he examined the drones and found them un-broken, the chanter and mouthplece were unhart, and experiment showed that the bag did not leak. He could not understand he had lain down so carelessly upon The keen air quivered with the throb of his tuning. Everything was as it should be, and Moray was satisfied as he rose un-certainly to his feet. Where was the regiment? How had he become separated from it? He saw nothing of the stark congregation around him, and was confident the clarion sent forth would soon let them know his whereabouts. He struck up "The Rally the Clan," and marched staggering to the west, stumbling in the darkness but never pissing a note. The exertion of the piping and the tramping were too much for his exhausted body, so he ceased to play and hours, when he saw ahead of him a red low in the darkness of the forest. This, he to himself, must be the camp fire of the company. Pausing a few moments to breath, once more he brought pipes into action, pealing forth the pathetic pibroch, "Come Back, Maclean,"

"That will bring them," he said to him-self, "If anything will." In the still air of the early morning the ad strain carried far through the breathleard it with varying emotions, although nose for whom it was played lay far in the rear, deaf to its appeal. The anxious watchers at Fort Charlotte heard and rec-

ognized the faint sounds, crying: Thank God, the Highlanders are coming! We are saved!" which indeed they were, though not by the Highlanders, unless through their sacrifice.

The second group to hear were forty-three sinewy woodmen led by Amos Stebbins, with moccasined feet, stealthily along the undless ice of the river. Instantly their ader's plan was charged.

"My God!" he whispered. "Listen to nat! With the luck of fools they have blundered through almost to the Indian camp. I thought they would have been wiped out hours ago. That's why we've been unmolested. Imagine same men play-ing through the woods like that at 3 in the morning, every tree covering an Indian! I can't understand it. My woodcraft is no good. The folly of the business must have paralyzed the redskins. They perhaps thought an army was behind them. There will be a fight as they near the camp. Let us make directly for it and fall on the savages in the rear. We may pull the Highnders through yet."

And so, with a craft superior to the Indians' own and a stealth equal to theirs, the band of pioneers descried the river and made across-country for the camp.

The third body of men to hear the pibroch was the Indians themselves, and to their

souls it struck superstitious fear. knew they had killed and scalped every man in the company, and now that heathen music called on them to fight their ghosts. All round the camp fire the savages sprang o their feet, then scattered out of the circle of light, trembling as they awaited the supernatural visit, doubtful if tomahawk and rifle could combat the dead as they had slaughtered the living. Nearer and nearer came the weird music, and at last into the glare of the camp fire marched a strange figure, face ghastly pale, head bare but erect, ribbons fluttering gayly from the tubes over his shoulder. Nothing human has a more imposing swagger than a pipe full-kilted in action, playing his best. back to back firing useless rounds into the and round the well-trodden path that en-darkening forest. The pipes suddenly circled the camp fire strode Angus Moray. ccased, and as the stunned body of their the warmth at first grateful to him, then player fell across them they wailed out a gradually bringing on an unaccountable

As the last man sank to his eternal rest the woods resounded with the exultant yell of the savage, and the horde poured down upon the prone company, now that no danger was to be feared from it, tomahawking and scaiping all who had still a breath of like left in them.

Supor. To rouse himself he stopped the pibroch he was playing and started an exciting strathspey. Even to the blood of the made it bleed and tremble, made it cower and suffer.

We cannot neip remembering what has, at one period of our life, torn our heart, which is the pibroch he was playing and started an exciting strathspey. Even to the blood of the made it bleed and tremble, made it cower and suffer.

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We cannot see and does exist in spite of us.

The left is the made it bleed and tremble, which is the pibroch he was playing and started an exciting strains at one period of our life, torn our heart. been sent alone into the very center of the near. No sayage came within the light until they were certain that this man was absolutely alone. Scouts were sent skirmishing into the forest to get tidings of to deal with men as crafty as themselves. and they returned, having seen nothing, re-porting the ferest empty. Gradually in on the fated piper closed the silent circle, and, as if premonition touched him, his playing became less and less certain, and he stag-

> fore him his Captain, repreach on his white "Why are you here. Angus." he asked sternly, "lifting dance music when the clan is waiting for you?"

gered as if dizzy with his round. Suddenly the playing ceased, and the piper saw be-

"Ah, Captain, I have been looking for you; all through the forest I have been looking for you," said Angus, drawing his hard across his brow.
"We are all here and waiting for you."

The piper gazed broad with a smile on s face, and there in the avenues of the forest he saw his company, standing at at-

tention.
"Captain, I am ready." He hitched up his pines and strode forward as the descending emahawk from behind sank into his skull. A warwhoop went up as the piper fell, but it was drowned by the crack of rifles all round the camp. The massicre of the night before was re-enacted, but this time with no return fire from the sentenced. Each Indian ghosts to return and massacre them. They made no effort at useless escape, but sto-leally folded their atms and stood to be shot down by the pioneers.

Amos and his company had surrounded the camp, but held their fire, hoping to save the piper. The downfall of the demented man was the unpremeditated signal of attack. and if Angus played his fellows to the realm of the unseen, their formen must have ac-companied them within sound of the music. "Poor fellows." Amos had said as he saw the Highlanders march forth from the stockade, "Poor fellow," he murmured as he helped to separate the dead piper from the heap of dead foes massed about him, and to lay him in a nook among the trees by himself. The pioneers knew that no remnant of the company had escaped, and being practical men, that turned their thoughts om the dead to the living, as was the necessity in those grim times. The garrison at Fort Charlotte had never been attacked in the open; no Indian's life was risked by an assault on the stronghold, and even if the chief had known he was to capture the place by storm and lose but one brave in the fight, he would never have given the order to charge. The reckless courage white man from over the seas the looked upon as mere madness, cast over the foe by the Great Spirit. The stealthy coolness of the pioneer, seeking cover al-ways and dealing out death when he could. the Indian understood and appreciated, but ne could not comprehend the insanity of uniformed soldiers. In his beleaguering of Fort Charlotte, the chief and his men de pended on an ally more potent that themselves—starvation. All source of supply was cut off, and time did the rest. If it took one month or ten, it mattered nothing to the red man; a creature of infinite patience, to whom time was valueless. The garrison in the fort was chewing its last moccasin, and the Indian behind the tree knew it and could wait, ready to shoot with deadly accuracy if a head showed above the wall, himself unseen.

The garrison in of dried betries were in pienty, for the indian looks well to the commissariat when in camp.

"I don't suppose these Injuns thought they were provisioning Fort Charlotte when they collected this trovender," said Amos

imself unseen. Amos had not closed an eye for two nights and one day, traveling nearly the whole time, yet he was as bright and active as any of his following. He had come through to the stockade in the night, starving, and there had eaten and filled his pouch with nemmican-that marvel of food invented by the red man for the sustenance of himself on the march, and now adopted by his enemy. It was composed of lean venison, shredded, mixed with berries, packed into a bag of deerskin, and consolidated by having the melted fat of the deer poured over it and through it. A slice of this in the pouch, and a woodman will march for days on it.

The relief party had taken from the Settlement what food they could carry on so rapid a journey, but the moment it was known that a fight was in prospect, the NTERESTING Paragraphs From the Autobiography of Madame Duse, Who Comes to St. Louis This Week.



ELEONORA DUSE.

(From a photograph taken at Genoa shortly before she salled for America.) WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Eleonora Duse, who comes to St. Louis for the first time this week, has written her memoirs. They exhibit in a wonderful way the strange temperament of this art-

When she was last in the United States

a great deal was written about the fact failure in all that the word implies. explains this attitude towards the public. Signora Matilda Serrao, Italy's greatest woman writer, will publish Duse's memoirs, which came to her in the shape of letters written by the great artiste.

The signoru says that she has preserved the identity of the letters throughout. Her luties as the editor consisted principally in methodical arrangement of the material the house, in the boxes, in the galleries, direct at her disposal. piaced at her disposal.

Mme. Duse's memoirs begin as follows:

No. I don't want to remember. What I have been is past. Ah! if I could only forget my disappointments, my strug-gles, my abasements. No. I must not forget the battles I have

fought-not these, but everything else, everything. Still, can it be done? Time and again our thoughts travel back to things and events that happened.
One cannot help remembering what has.

We cannot escape the thoughts of what the understand.

QUERIES FROM STRANGE

Reminiscences?

MEN AND WOMEN. And then come men and women you have never seen-strangers for whom you care not and who do not care for youto inquire who you are and what you are:

what you feel, what you think. They want to know all about your past. When you refuse to receive them, when you do not answer their questions, they call

you proud, full of pretentions, arrogant, Because you will not tell them what you

are afraid to tell yourself-what frightens you, what you mean to keep a secret from your own heart. Events of my life?

There are many of them, but what looks to me like an event, an occurrence that perhaps forced upon me the part I am now playing in the world, the mark-tones of In short, to another they may appear stale and empty and unprofitable acci-

Yes. I have had many experiences; too many, but they were not experiences in the sense which the sensation-hungry mob alone

ecognizes. They were more like trials-trials that have cost me many tears, and the remem-brance of which makes me cry, cry, cry every time when I play Lydia di Morane in the drama "Visitors at the Wedding." I feel then as if my soul were ready

go out with one great sob. It was twelve years ago, in Rlo. The yellow fever went from house to nouse, from palace to hut, gathering in

We play-actors played. One day at rehearsal Diotti appeared with the pallor of death on his brow, tired, hard-

vietims.

y able to stand on his feet.
"What alls thee? For God's sake, tell!" "Nothing; a strange feeling. My head is not right-but, come, let us make a start,

And he did begin. I saw he was not himself. I saw him tremble as if shaken by in

BROKE DOWN IN MIDST OF EXCITING SITUATION. "Do not attempt the impossible," I said. "I am going to close the theater."
"And thy fortune?" he made answer.

"All thy money is at stake. "I will be better to-night. "Let us proceed with rehearsal." Suddenly, in the midst of an exciting sit-

uation, he broke down. It was the fever. The fever that never lets up on a being marked for destruction.

What were we to do? We had to play, because we were under contract. We had to play, because a good many

Indians was easily found. Frozen deer were hanging from the lower branches of trees. Festoons of fat wild turkeys, the most delicious game in the world to roast, were suspended from sapling to sapling. Baskets of dried berries were in plenty, for the In-

they were provisioning Fort Charlotte when they collected this provender," said Amos "This is an uncertain world, boys, dryly. Anyhow, we'll give the folks a bang-up good Christmas dinner, an' if the grocer hain't sent anything in since I left, I'll guarantee they won't be no complaints about the food."

"Amos." commented one of his men, "you've been so long awake that you've lost count of your almanac. We'd ought to agiven you Christmas dinner before you left the Settlement so's you'd remembe day's day after Christmas. You've lost

"No. I hain't, Sam," replied the imperturbable Amos. "Christmas, I take it, is a sort of day of deliverance fur poor benighted human sinners like you and me. When deliverance comes, then the day it comes is Christmas, whatever the calendar says, Don't you tie too much to dates, Sam.

We had to play, because the Shylockien impresario wanted his pound of flesh. We had to play while he was lying alone, deserted, fighting the battle of death, On the first evening-"Fedora."

that she always refused to be interviewed. The theater-a great, immense structure; The state of mind revealed by her memoirs | I myself small, insignificant; a person of no consequence.

My voice—how should my voice penetrate

Into the parterre?
I believe I might as well have said "Loris,
I love thee," as "Loris, leave me"; nobody would have known the difference. Add to this that there was a continuous whispering and murmuring in all parts of

ning up to the curtain's fall. My heart, my head, my voice-they seeme not to belong to me at all.

I had no power over either, I was thinking of him all the time; of him

At last the performance closed. I ran home, and in the darkness of my room threw myself on the floor.

I had never felt so lonely before. Next day-intermission. We played only three times in the week. The newspapers gave their final decision. They said I had a certain something about me that attracted attention, but my voice-well, half of what I said they could not

hear, and the other half they were unable The day following we had our second per-

formance, "Denise."
The theater—that immense barn—empty. three or taken, and to the right and left two or

three boxes. My poor Denise, so simple, so devoid of all sensational elements—no tollets to speak of, no jewels-the audience listened to her during the first act. AUDIENCE CRIED WITH

HER IN ONE SCENE. They paid her some attention in the sea-In the third act I had a crying scene, and I cried real tears, and the audience cried

with me. Mine was victory, but the battle was not entirely won yet, for the part of Fernando was essayed by another. He who had been my Fernando was still battling with death.

And the thought of him, of the patient sufferer, would never cease to agitate me that evening. It stood between me and the part I was trying to play.

He always was before me, cold, pallid, shaking, his features distorted and his eyes glassy.
In vain did I try to throw off this feeling.

In vain did I argue with myself that art demands from its followers the sacrifice of self-negation. I could not be otherwise. He was always before me-that poor man,

that good man, who never harmed anybody He was to die amid strangers, while we, his friends, played comedy.

Comedy, indeed! Is there anything more theatric than life? And there before those glorious, those blessed footh "hts.
I prayed: "O. Madonna, save my frien Save him, for he has a father and a mother, whose only hope in life he is.

Save him and take me in his stead. Let me die, let me lose everytning-my renown, my patents, my cuture-but save Two days later and all was at en end.

And we continued playing comedy. As to myself, I heaped success upon suc cess, and every triumph I carned increased my sorrow, made me more wretched.
On the evening of Diocti's death day I played Fernando. And then and there I became what I am.

Then and there I fealt for the first time that I had a heart, that I had soul and blood in that heart. Then and there I learned that life is not base; only sorrowful and hard to bear. This

I felt. Do you call it an event? I don't know whether it is important nough to be so classed by others. As for me it was the man's stone of my

A life-in a life.

supply was cached at the river bank, for t Christmas can come in mid-summer as well fighting men must travel light. There was no need to return for it. The larder of the pole and sing on them baskets of berries. Each of the rest of you take a turkey, till you've got 'em all. Others chop up this venison and take as much as you can carry. Then we'll make for Fort Charlotte, and they'll be gladder to see us then if we wuz

Injuns."
The ladened party went silently through the forest, one following another, taking as much precaution as if the woods were their enemy. Progress was slow, and the reluctant belated daylight had come before they reached the clearing round Fort Char-

"Merry Christmas!" shouted Amos in his loudest voice.
One head, then another and another ap-

peared above the parapets. It was long since the denizers of the fort dared show scalp above the logs, and even now there was a crouching attitude of the shoulders, as if each man were ready to duck.
"That you, Amos? Thank the good Lord!"

"Merry Christmas, I said Jim!" Amos. "Is this Christmas? We'd forgotten all about it. Well, the same to you, Amon

same to you." "There," said Amos to Sam. "What did I tell you? Of course it's Christmas if you only think so,"

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